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**SOCIETY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY****CHAPMAN LODGE NO. 2, A. F. & A.**

M. Regular communication first and third Thursdays in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Geo. H. Kinkel, W. M. Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

**SAS VEGAS COMMANDERY NO. 2**

Knights Templar. Regular convocation second Tuesday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. John S. Clark, W. C. Charles Tamme, Recorder.

**LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 3, ROYAL ARCH MASONS**

Regular convocation first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. M. R. Williams, H. P. Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

**EL DORADO LODGE NO. 1**

Knights of Pythias meet every Monday evening in Castle Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited. I. P. HAVENS, Chancellor Commander. W. D. KENNEDY, Keeper of Record and Seal.

**BALBY LODGE, NO. 77, FRATERNAL UNION OF AMERICA**

Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall. Chas. Trumbley, F. M.; Bertha C. Thornhill, Secretary. Visiting members cordially invited.

**REBEKAH LODGE, L. O. O. F.**

Meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at the L. O. O. F. hall. Miss Bertha Becker, N. G.; Mrs. Della Pepard, V. G.; Mrs. A. F. Dalley, Secretary; Adelaide Smith, Treasurer.

**P. O. E. MEETS SECOND AND FOURTH TUESDAY EVENINGS**

each month at O. R. C. hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. W. M. Lewis, exalted ruler; D. W. Condon, secretary.

**EASTERN STAR, REGULAR COMMUNICATION**

second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. All visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited. Mrs. Sarah A. Chaffin, worthy matron; Mrs. Ida Seelinger, secretary.

**L. O. O. F., LAS VEGAS LODGE NO. 4**

meets every Monday evening at their hall in Sixth street. All visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. C. W. McAllister, N. G.; Ed Comstock, V. G.; R. O. Williams, secretary; W. E. Critch, treasurer; C. V. Hedgcock, cemetery trustee.

**FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD, NO. 102**

meets every Friday night at their hall in the Schmidt building, west of Fountain Square, at eight o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. Jas. N. Cook, president; Jas. R. Lowe, secretary.

**KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, COUNCIL NO. 804**

meets second and fourth Thursday, O. R. C. hall, Pioneer bldg. Visiting members are cordially invited. W. R. Tipton, G. K.; E. P. Mackel, F. S.

**P. O. E. MEETS FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY EVENINGS**

each month at Fraternal Brotherhood Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Jno Thornhill, president; E. C. Ward, Secretary.

**WEDMEN MEET IN FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD**

hall every second and fourth Thursday, sleep at the eighth run. Visiting brothers always welcome to the wigwag. James R. Lowe, sachem; Walter H. Davis, scribe of records and collector of wampum.

**E. B. ROSENWALD Lodge No. 545, I. O. B. B.**

Meets every first Wednesday of the month in the vestry room of Temple Montefiore, Douglas avenue and Ninth street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Chas. Greenclay, president; Rabbi J. S. Rabin, secretary.

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Many a man makes the mistake of trying to run an automobile on a trolley car income.

**See Mother Grow Young.**

"It would be hard to overstate the wonderful change in my mother since she began to use Electric Bitters," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick of Danforth, Me. "Although past 70 she seems really to be growing young again. She suffered untold misery from dyspepsia for 20 years. At last she could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Doctors gave her up and all remedies failed till Electric Bitters worked such wonders for her health. They invigorate all vital organs, cure liver and kidney troubles, induce sleep, impart strength and appetite. Only 50c at all druggists.

Occasionally a deaf person expresses a sound opinion.

**A Golden Wedding**

means that man and wife have lived to a good old age and consequently have kept healthy. The best way to keep healthy is to see that your liver does its duty 365 days out of 365. The only way to do this is to keep Ballard's Herbine in the house and take it whenever your liver gets inactive. 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Center Block Depot Drug Co.

The chronic talker is usually a chronic kicker.

Everyone would be benefited by taking Foley's Orino Laxative for stomach and liver trouble and habitual constipation. It sweetens the stomach and breath, gently stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels and is much superior to pills and ordinary laxatives. Why not try Foley's Orino Laxative today? O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

**LAZY LIVER**

"I find Cascarets so good that I would use them without them. I was troubled a great deal with liver and bowels. Now since taking Cascarets I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Balsam, Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

Best for The Bowels  
**Cascarets**  
CANDY CATHARTIC  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. No. 100. Sold in bulk. The genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Manufactured by Dr. J. C. Felt, Chicago, Ill. U. S. Pat. 1,500,000. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y. See ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

**THE MAN IN BLACK**

By HENRY L. KINER

(Copyright, by Bobb-Servitt Co.)

The door slowly opened, and a human head appeared in the office. The head was set with a pair of intense black eyes, and thatched with thick masses of black hair.

Lander, proprietor of the Square Deal cafe, removed the toothpick from his teeth and stared at the head. Then he transferred his gaze to Col. Fay, enthroned, as usual, at the writing desk near the entrance-end of the bar. Col. Fay was noncommittal. He shook up his red hair, flushed his red face, and batted his red eyes at Lander, but left him adrift.

The stranger, seeming to have reassured himself, stepped within, removed his sombrero-like hat, and whisked the rain from it.

"Well, evening," he smiled, glancing first at Lander and then at Col. Fay. Some subtle sense of antagonism caused both men to avert their eyes. Unabashed, the stranger continued to whisk the March rain from his black garments, smiling reminiscently.

"It brings to mind," he again sought the unresponsive eyes of the two men, who watched him furtively in the glaring sunlight, "the rollicking little poem which I was accustomed to recite in my schoolboy days. I fitted a kind of tune to it, in fact, and sang it, also."

"It rains," cried the schoolboy, "Hurrah!" and his shout is echoed through parlor and hall. While quick as the wing of a swallow he's out. And his schoolmates respond to his call.

"That ain't quoted correctly," growled Lander. The stranger's assumption of literary skill was, somehow, distasteful to Lander.

"Why, the very first go-off," snarled Lander. "The poem says 'It rains.'"

"I merely adapted the verses to the weather," said the stranger, gravely. "But it is odd what a porridge of



A Huge Roll of Bank Bills Fell to the Floor.

errors some people do make of the English tongue." Here he gave his long black coat a more than ordinary flip, to shed the water, and a huge roll of bank bills fell to the floor. As he stooped to pick up the money, he kept repeating "It rains," "It rains," "It rains," "It rains," as if he found the repetition grotesquely amusing.

The size of the roll was not lost on Lander nor on Col. Fay, while "Bud" Filer, tout and card-sharp, who had emerged from his customary booth at the far end of the long room, just in time to see the stranger's "wad," murmured something about its being big enough to choke a cow.

"It rains! It rains!" The man in black stood stripping a string from the roll. "And I've been admonished for not quoting correctly! I, an honor man at Harvard; now head of the English department at the Grafton Preparatory school. When the principal paid me off the other day, retaining me for another year, he called me master of the tongue. And here I am subjected to criticism by a saloon keeper with a dash annex! Oh, this is rich! This is indeed rich!"

"Look here," struck in Lander, angrily, "I don't know who you are, and don't care; but you misquoted that poem, and I—"

"To err is human. We all do it," said the man in black, straightening out the bills, which he had laid carefully on the counter. "It rains and 'It rains' are short sentences, but I'll wager that there's not a man in the room who can repeat them after me correctly, with the addition of another sentence of two words."

Lander's keen eyes searched the impassive face of the stranger.

"Do you take this for a feeble-minded institute?" flashed the now exasperated proprietor.

"There it goes again!" The man's tone was patronizingly compassionate.

"This good man means to ask if I mistake this beany, but he says 'take for mistake.' No, no, he could never say three little sentences correctly."

Maddened, Lander walked behind the counter, straight to the safe, and brought forth a stack of bank notes.

"It's a case of the other fellow's game," cautioned Col. Fay, in a whisper.

"Game, nothing!" fired Lander. "It's no game. If I can't repeat three two-word sentences after they're plainly pronounced, then it's me for the simple-house. I'm going to skin him. He has rooms to let." Lander spoke in a low growl, tapping his forehead with a

fat forefinger. "I'd like some of that, friend," said Filer quietly.

"Plenty for all while it lasts." The stranger fingering his money, watched Filer questioningly. Filer made it 500. It was promptly covered.

"Let us understand this, now," muttered Lander from behind the bar, as he faced the stranger. "This man—"

"is to pronounce three sentences in plain English; two of these sentences are to be 'It rains,' 'It rains.' Like these, the third sentence is to be of two words. If I repeat after him these three sentences, I win. If I don't pronounce them the first trial, I lose. As Col. Fay is not betting, I'll suggest him as judge and stakeholder. Are these the terms," addressing the stranger, "and is the judge agreeable to you?"

"It is all understood, and your selection of referee—you should have said referee, not judge—is entirely satisfactory."

The man watched Lander's hands with a humorous gleam in his eyes, as if he knew of Lander's baleful glare. The hands having angrily counted off a thousand dollars, the stranger took up his roll, and stripped off a like sum. The money was then all turned over to the tender though uncertain mercies of Col. Fay.

"Lander, still facing the stranger across the bar, braced himself for the ordeal. His face was set, the lines hard-drawn, like the face of a wrestler nerved for a supreme effort. The stranger, smilingly confident, leaned over the bar, getting his face as close as might be to Lander's Filer hardly breathed.

"It rains," cried the schoolboy, "Hurrah!" and his shout is echoed through parlor and hall. While quick as the wing of a swallow he's out. And his schoolmates respond to his call.

"The tones of the stranger were melodious and distinct. 'It rains.'"

Watchfully apprehensive, Lander breathed hard, though he pronounced the words correctly. There was a nigger in the fence, somewhere; but when and how would he jump? Lander, deep down where he lived, wished himself well out of it.

"It rains," cried the schoolboy, "Hurrah!" and his shout is echoed through parlor and hall. While quick as the wing of a swallow he's out. And his schoolmates respond to his call.

Still smiling, the man in black leaned far over the bar, and looked with expectant triumph straight into the blinking eyes of Lander.

"It rains," the latter repeated.

"Missed it!"

The stranger glanced about exultingly, as though the game was over. "I did not miss it!" Lander whirled toward the colonel, his hands opened, and wide with appeal.

The stranger laughed and moved toward Fay, who held the money in full view.

"Referee, the money is mine," he chuckled. "This good man repeated 'It rains,' 'It rains,' all right, but when I said 'Missed it,' he not only failed to repeat 'Missed it,' but he said 'I did not miss it,' a sentence of five words instead of two."

"By Heck, that's so," puffed Col. Fay, as he handed over to the stranger the big green and orange roll. "We will now mitigate the drought with the mellowest of your moisture," observed the man in black. "What will you have, gentlemen?" But the three of them—Lander, the colonel and Bud—were stunned past choosing.

The Best Dressed Man.

"The best-dressed man in the world is the young king of Spain," said a tailor. "Look at his photographs in the weeklies. For grace and correctness his clothes are unique."

"Everything is right in this young man's get-up. His hair, his hat, his boots, the fit and height of his collar, the knotting of his tie, the cut of his coat, the hang of his trousers—everything is right, and makes a rule that the world goes by."

"King Edward for 15 years has been hopelessly out of it as an arbiter of fashion. The prince of Wales, little and inelegant, had never any influence. King Alfonso fills a long-felt want. Indeed, before he grew up the world was paradoxically saying that the only well-dressed man was Miss Vesta Tilley, the male impersonator."

Impossible.

"Bishop Potter," said a New York clergyman, "was progressive, but he thought that some churches went too far in their effort to attract the public."

"He was talking to me very seriously one day about churches that give moving picture entertainments, and hire actors and opera singers, and have billiard rooms, and allow smoking—and all of a sudden he broke off with a laugh."

"Why, Jim," he said, "if this keeps on things will come to such a pass that when the wife, putting her head out of the window at three in the morning and sternly asking her husband where he has been, will be met with the startling reply: 'I been—hic—to church, m' dear.'"

Idols at Ten Shillings a Dozen.

Confirmation has just been given at Birmingham police court to the oft-made assertion that that city is the birthplace of many of the idols and images which collectors bring from abroad. An auctioneer's porter was charged with stealing over 100 Japanese images. It was stated that they were manufactured in Birmingham from material bearing a resemblance to ivory, and were sold to the trade at ten shillings a dozen. The porter was sent to jail for three months.—London Tit-Bits.

London's New Architecture.

Every one who uses his eyes in the streets of London must be aware that a remarkable effort is now being made to produce a new kind of architecture, both practically and esthetically suitable to its conditions.—London Times.

**Her Rival**

A Wife's Comments on a Conversation by Telephone.

When this man's wife reached his office the other day on a little visit associated with domestic finance he had just been called up on the phone.

"Hi!" said the wife, she being a jealous person. "Some creature is calling him up!"

So she remained out of view in the anteroom.

"Hello!" said the husband at the phone. "Who's that you say? Oh, it's you, eh, Jack? How are you, pal? Anything coming off?"

"It's that horrid, dissipated, flirtatious Jack Hotcliff talking to him," said the wife to herself. "I always did suspect that man."

"Hub? Say, is that so?" said her husband through the transmitter. "Mighty glad to hear that. Say, where did you trap her, anyhow?"

"(Her!)" sniffed the jealous wife. "Oh, I knew there'd be some devilment in the wind with that Hotcliff man calling him up."

"Well, b'jine, I sure am glad you've nailed her, matey," went on the husband at the phone. "Say, is she a sure-enough looker?"

"Well, just bear that!" said the wife to herself. "Looker!"

"Honest-Injun thoroughbred, too, you say?" continued her husband at the phone. "Well, me for her, then. I sure want to look her over. What's that? A raging beauty, is she? Well, I guess that's poor. That's the kind I'm hunting for."

"(Oh, such hideous deceitfulness!) panted the wife in the anteroom.)

"I know I'm pretty tired of having these imitation mutts flashed on me," the man at the phone went on confidentially. "I want nothing but the real bang up thing. I'm willing to cough up anything within reason, too, to get the real thing, as I told you."

"(The traitor!" hissed the man's wife, trembling with rage.)

"Say, you got her there with you now, old man? What's that? Oh, you have, hey? Curled up in your lap right now, eh? Good! But you want to remember that she's as good as mine, old boy."

"(Curled up in his lap—horrible!" gasped the jealous wife.)

"Look here," went on the unsuspecting husband at the phone, "can't you fetch her down here right away and let me look her over? Let's see, it's pretty near lunch time and I'm sort of expecting my wife down pretty soon, and of course I don't want my wife to see her, see? But you just trot her down here now and I'll have a peek and then we can fix it. What's that? You'll be over in five minutes? All right, old boy, I'll be waiting."

Whereupon he hung up the receiver and turned to be confronted by his white-faced and wrathful spouse.

Naturally she looked surprised. Just as naturally she took his surprised look as a sure indication of guilt.

"So, sir," she opened up, "you are going to have that Jack Hotcliff bring some wretched tawdry creature here, are you?"

He hung his head. He looked like a man nailed with the merchandise.

"Oh, I heard every single, solitary word you said in the phone, so you needn't deny it," his wife went on, breathlessly. "How dare you carry on in such a manner right here in your office? Have you no pride or self-respect? What do you mean by professing to love me, and t-t-t—"

She was relapsing into angry tears, and of course he tried to take hold of her to comfort her and square himself.

"Don't you d-d-dare to t-t-touch m-m-me!" she gurgled, shaking him off. "I hate the v-v-vy t-t-touch of your h-h-hand, you scandalous, deceitful thing!"

"But look a-here, my dear," he began, "you're all dead wrong, you know. Lemme set you right, for heaven's sake."

"Wrong!" she exclaimed angrily. "D-d-didn't I hear your very words to that horrid brute on the phone? Isn't he g-g-going to fetch some m-m-miserable baggage down here and—"

Just at that instant, however, John Hotcliff arrived at the office with the miserable baggage. He was carrying the miserable baggage in his arms, and he deposited her in the guilty husband's arms, where she promptly cuddled up and looked content.

"Here, my dear," said the husband to his wife, "is the young female individual about whom I was talking with Jack on the phone. I've had Jack on the lookout for a good one for a long time and he has been kind enough to get this crackjack for me. I wanted her for a present—a surprise present—for you, you know."

He handed the dainty little Japanese spaniel over to his wife, and it was her turn to look guilty.

Foxhounds Dash Over Cliff.

A fine 50-minute run with the Eastbourne foxhounds on Saturday had an exciting termination and brought about a serious loss to the pack. An excellent start was made, a stout fox being found in Mr. Gwynne's gorge near Folkington, and the field followed merrily after on to the downs.

Faster and faster went the fox and the hounds after him, until the quarry made straight for the cliff. The master saw the danger and used every effort to turn the pack, but in vain, and two couples and a half of the leading hounds had gone clear over the cliff and were killed before the remainder were stopped. The pace was the fastest of any run for several seasons.—London Standard.

**WANTS**

WANTED—Girl for plain cooking, Mrs. W. G. Haydon, 1108 Eighth street.

WANTED—An American girl to do general housework. Apply 924 Seventh street.

WANTED — Position by single man, inside or out. Apply Optic office.

WANTED—Good spring wagon with stage top. Inquire 135 R. R. avenue.

MEN LEARN BARBER TRADE—Short time required; graduates earn \$12 to \$30 week. Moler Barber college, Los Angeles.

**FOR RENT.**

FOR RENT—2 clean, pleasant rooms for housekeeping, apply 315 Ninth street.

FOR RENT—Lease or sell, three ranch houses, to the extreme end of city line northeast of the sanitarium. Apply to Mrs. M. Green.

FOR RENT—5 room furnished house. Inquire 1024 Third st.

TO LET—Furnished front room, with bath, 801 Sixth street.

FOR RENT—5-room furnished house. Rooms by day or week. Leroy House, 616 Grand. Phone Mala 423.

FOR RENT — Three housekeeping rooms; also 2-room house. All newly paper and painted. 921 Lincoln ave.

FOR RENT—Three housekeeping rooms, newly painted and papered. M. Howell, 721 Fourth street.

FOR RENT—One 7-room house. 920 Gallinas.

**FOR SALE.**

FOR SALE—Two and half lots on Seventh street, east front, \$5500; 655 acres of land in Hart tract for \$7.00 per acre. Inquire of Mrs. L. P. Wright.

FOR SALE — One low-down all-iron wagon; also one 3-section drag harrow. Both good as new. Will sell cheap. See D. H. Grant, 615 Douglas ave.

FOR SALE—A handsome golden oak bedroom set, good six hole range, with high closet; nice Singer sewing machine, good as new, cheap. Inquire 135 R. R. avenue.

FOR SALE—No. 1 White Wyandotte hens, \$8.00 per doz. Order early and get first choice. Mrs. M. E. Johnson, Melvern, Kan., Osage Co.

FOR SALE—Legal blanks of all description. Notary seals and records at the Optic office.

OLD newspapers for sale at The Optic office, 10 cents a bundle

A woman never regards marriage as a failure so long as the attorney holds out.

**Tortured On A Horse.**

"For ten years I couldn't ride a horse without being in torture from piles," writes L. S. Napier, of Russell, Ky., "when all doctors and other remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me." Infallible for piles, burns, scalds, cuts, boils, fever-sores, eczema